

BASEBALL

DEBUTANTE SEES
HER FIRST GAME

BOXING

CORBETT THINKS HE
CAN WHIP JEFFRIES

RACING

POSSESSION
WINS DISTAFF

YACHTING

DEBUTANTE ATTENDS
HER FIRST BALL GAME

Demurely Takes in the Sights,
But Flees Precipitately
When Her Escort Begins to
Root as Only a "Fan" Can.

Senators Show Another Sur-
prising Reversal of Form.
Lee a Host in Himself.
The Baseball War.

The Smart Set.

It was her first ball game, and it was all so new to her, and she so pretty, too!

The crowded stand, with its long lines of coatless, hatless, perspiring, yelling fanatics, lounging back in their seats with their feet elevated above their heads, presented a scene strange and weird to one of her temperament; a situation she could not take in at a glance. Daintily gowned in a white frock, made of that soft, clinging stuff, as soft as the heart which beat beneath her bodice, she made her way daintily to her seat from which vantage point she cast shy and furtive glances about her.

The utter lack of conventionality was the first point to appeal to this shy, tenderly-reared and dainty miss, and the deaf shouts of applause, or disapproval, hurled at player and umpire alike were not the means of reassuring her that she was just exactly in the right place.

Ere long her eyes caught the field, and rested upon the players, lined up in battle array. And then she timidly asked a question or two of her escort, a fan for fair. "Who are those persons out there?" she inquired.

"The players—good boy, Bill; take another one, and hit her in the nose," replied her companion, all in one breath. "Hit her in the nose? Mercy! is this a prize fight, and who is the poor woman he is going to?"

"Strike him!" roared Silk O'Loughlin. "You are a robber," retorted the fan, and I intend writing to Ban Johnson about you and your raw work."

Then in a calm voice he said:

"You know I never get excited at a ball game; it is so hot, and then, again, it is such deucedly bad form, don't you know. Just look about you, and then you can readily see that there are but few of our set—A ball? Suffering Jehoshaphat! Case Patten split the plate with that ball and that Mutt, that mutt-head, that thief O'Loughlin called it a ball."

"Really, Mr. —, I think you are mistaken, the object you pointed out to me as the plate is intact, and I am quite sure the ball didn't touch it, since that person with the inflated plaster on his exterior and the parrot cage over his face received the ball in that soft pillow he wears upon his left hand. Surely you are mistaken," said the tender-hearted little novice, ready at a moment's notice to take up the cudgels in defense of the much-maligned umpire.

Then once more assuming his best Connecticut Avenue air, the young gallant turned to his companion and said: "I presume you will be leaving for Newport in a day or two? I will be along in time for Larry Weir's canary birds' breakfast, which I hear is to be a swag-gar affair. Well, did you ever? That lobster at second dropped that dewdrop and then went up in the air and threw the ball away. Anyone can tell he has a glass arm."

"Dewdrop? Up in the air? Glass arm? Really, Mr. —, you speak in riddles. Are you quite sure you feel well? Possibly the heat— Oh, do compose yourself," said the thoroughly frightened young woman, for by this time her escort was jumping up and down in his seat waving the coat which he had shed in the excitement and yelling like a Comanche chief.

"Run, you stringhalted, spavined, kidney-footed, wind-jammed, sprung-in-the-knees selling-plater, you. Why don't you run? Oh, you ice cart! You move slower than a chess player, and I am darned glad you are out," howled the fan as poor old Bill Clarke, puffing like a porpoise, was tagged out at third by ten feet in his endeavor to stretch a single into a triple. Then he sank back in his seat thoroughly exhausted and turned to tell her all about it. But the box was deserted save for his own apologetic presence, and to his horror he caught a fleeting glance of a faint streak of white vanishing toward the exit, at a pace which would have made Bill Clarke turn green with envy to see. She had fled. It was her first ball game, and doubtless her last.

Dreyfus Reply.

A story emanating from New York to the effect that Ban Johnson will enjoin Smith and Leach from playing with the Pirates caused Barney Dreyfus to grow sarcastic. He said:

"Ban Johnson will not be such a consummate fool as to try a game of that sort. He has no money to spend on him, as he needs all that is coming to him for other purposes. Mr. Johnson is clever at talking, he likes the game, but the best of it is it does not hurt. If the American League wants to try injunctions, the National League can tie up more than one-half the players in the American League."

Reversal of Form.

Virtually burrowing their noses in the sea of mud which overspread American League park yesterday afternoon, the Senators ate up the would-be base hits with an appetite voracious and gave another demonstration of "reversal of form," for which they are already world famous.

With the exception of Robinson's mis-

cue, allowing two runs to scamper home, the boys fielded faultlessly, hit at the proper time, and took chances on the bases the likes of which was never seen by the fans before.

Wyatt Lee was a host himself. With that nonchalant, lazy air of his, he pitched a perfect game and won in a romp. When it comes to guessing just what form the Senators are going to show, it has the dot contest beaten to a frazzle.

This From New York.

The National League magnates are on the war path. Ever since the so-called peace conference at Cincinnati the officials of the older organization have waited for an opportunity to break from the bonds forged by the healthy American League infant.

It is a well-known fact that the National League has taken its medicine with an outward show of pleasure, but the dose has been a bitter one to swallow and the taste has never been forgotten.

To be dethroned from a position of power held for years by an organization that depended upon public favor alone has been a sore in the side of the old league that has never healed.

A meeting of National League magnates was held at the Hoffman House just before the Giants started on their present Western trip. President Pulliam was present. Others at the meeting were James Potter, of Philadelphia; Harry Vanderhorst and Ed Hanlon, of Brooklyn; Barney Dreyfus, of Pittsburgh; John T. Brush, of New York, and A. H. Soden and W. Billings, of Boston.

Hanlon Sore.

Ned Hanlon said his club had been treated wrongfully and he asked the club to help him give Brooklyn a strong team in 1904. Pulliam was accordingly ordered to do anything he thought proper to benefit the league, and that his actions would be backed up by New York, Pittsburgh, Brooklyn, Boston, and Philadelphia.

Plans to strengthen the Philadelphia club were also made. It was virtually decided to make a raid on the American League for players for the teams next year. Big offers will be made stars now in Ban Johnson's league, and it would be no surprise if several players who now make up the "Invaders" team would be seen in either Philadelphia or Brooklyn uniforms next season.

Reitz's Queer Job.

Charles Dryden has the following to say of "Hennie" Reitz: "Henry Reitz, one-time crack second baseman, who won renown with Baltimore, holds the queerest baseball job on record. Next to the career of a performing bear, we can think of nothing that equals Reitz's status as an athlete. He is a member of a little pork and beans league in Humboldt county, Cal. During the early part of the week Henry enacts the role of a Human Sponge, soaking up all the liquids with which he comes in contact. All juices look alike to him, be they red, brown, pink, green, or yellow."

"On Friday the once great infielder is locked up for the squeezing-out process. Two days are required to get Henry thoroughly empty, so that he can appear with éclat in the great Sunday game. As soon as the pastime ends Henry's keepers turn him loose again, and by Friday he is carrying another full cargo and a loose deckload on top of it. His case should be a warning to other athletes who love to watch the scuttles of suds that pass in the night."

SMITH'S CLEVER STEAL
WINS FOR THE TIGERS

Detroit won yesterday from New York, 4 to 3. With the score tied in the seventh inning, Smith made a sensational steal home with the winning run while Jack O'Connor was arguing with the umpire. Until this time it had been a pitchers' battle between Donovan and Chesbro. Attendance, 842.

R.H.E.
Detroit.....0 0 0 0 3 1 0 0—4 9 2
New York.....0 0 0 0 3 0 0 0—3 9 0

Batteries—Chesbro and O'Connor; Donovan and McGuire. Umpire—Sheridan.

"MEXICAN PETE" AFTER
CHAMPIONSHIP WINNER

Has an "Angel" and Wants to Meet
Jeffries or Corbett and Will Bet
\$10,000 on the Result.

"Mexican Pete" Everett, the Western heavyweight, who claims that Jeffries was afraid to meet him last winter, has evidently found an angel in one Mr. Martinez. The latter announces that he is willing to back "Mexican Pete" for \$10,000 a side against the winner of the Jeffries-Corbett battle, providing the match is pulled off in the City of Mexico.

Martinez is quoted as saying: "I will post a forfeit in the First National Bank of the City of Mexico or in any other bank that may be mentioned. The only condition that I will insist upon is that the fight take place in the City of Mexico, within two months after the signing of articles, the winner to take all."

Martinez says that he is "Mexican Pete's" manager and as the bars are now down to fighting in Mexico there will be no trouble in pulling the contest off. Neither Jeffries nor Corbett would hardly refuse such a tempting offer. They are both well acquainted with "Mexican Pete's" ability as a scrapper.

MAHER ON THE MEND.

LONDON, July 14.—Danny Maher, the American jockey and his chauffeur, who were injured by the overturning of Maher's auto on Friday, are both improving satisfactorily.

SENATORS PROVE THEY
ARE GOOD MUD LARKS

Take First Game of Series
From St. Louis, 4 to 2.

COL. LEE IS HIMSELF AGAIN

Pitches a Beautiful Game and Would
Have Shut the Browns Out But
for Robinson's Error.

No better illustration of the in and out work of the Washington team is necessary than yesterday's game. Once more the team took a brace unto itself and demonstrated that it is capable of playing baseball as the game should be played and won from the St. Louis Browns as it pleased, even though the field was a sea of mud.

Lee was on the slab, and contrary to all expectations pitched ball which would win nine out of ten games. He had speed to burn, perfect control. He exercised good judgment at all times. In fact, it was palpable from the outset that the Colonel was himself again and was full of ginger to boot.

Silk O'Loughlin held the indicator, and when the fans were not applauding the home team they were jeering the imitable Silk, who, regardless of the imprecations hurled at his cotton head, continued to render his weird decisions, regardless of rhyme or reason. One thing in his favor, however, he is impartial, and then again with his long drawn out "come along boys" he surely keeps the game bustling along and the players on their toes.

Running Start.

The Senators started the ball rolling by gathering in two runs in the initial session. Charles Moran beat out a slow one to first, on which Anderson sprawled all over himself in trying to field it. Clarke hit safely to left, Moran going on to third, where the ball was fielded to head him off, meanwhile Clarke was legging it to second. Hill slammed the ball to second to head him off, the throw was wide, and both were safe. Kip Selbach followed and astonished the small band of rooters present and possibly himself, by lacing out a beauty through short, sending Moran and Clarke across the plate with a run each. Ryan followed and a double play resulted from his feeble effort.

The Score Tied.

The visitors tied the score in the fourth, as a direct result of "Little Caesar" Robinson's miserable error. Heidrich drew a pass, but was forced at second by Freil. Anderson put a slow one at Robinson and an easy double should have followed, but instead, the abbreviated second baseman muffed the chance and both were safe.

Wallace then ambled to the plate and banged out a double to right, two runs scoring.

The Senators gathered in another run in the fifth on errors by Freil and Wallace and Clarke's long fly.

The fourth and concluding run came in the sixth on Martin's two-sacker followed immediately by a double from Bill Coughlin's trusty ash.

The Score.

WASHINGTON.	AB.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Moran, ss.....	4	2	1	7	1	1
Ryan, cf.....	4	0	0	1	0	0
Clarke, 1b.....	4	1	2	10	0	0
Selbach, lf.....	4	0	2	1	0	0
Martin, rf.....	4	1	1	9	0	0
Coughlin, 3b.....	4	0	1	1	1	0
Robinson, 2b.....	4	0	1	2	5	1
Kittredge, c.....	3	0	0	5	1	0
Lee, p.....	3	0	0	2	0	0
Totals.....	34	4	8	27	10	2

ST. LOUIS.	AB.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Burkett, lf.....	4	0	0	1	0	0
Heidrich, cf.....	3	0	1	4	0	0
Freil, 2b.....	4	1	0	4	2	2
Anderson, 1b.....	4	1	0	10	0	0
Wallace, ss.....	4	0	1	3	4	1
Kahoe, c.....	3	0	0	4	0	0
Hempflir, rf.....	4	0	0	0	0	0
Hill, 3b.....	3	0	0	0	1	0
Rudhoff, p.....	1	0	1	0	4	2
Totals.....	30	2	3	24	12	4

Washington, 2 0 0 0 1 1 0 0—4 9 2
St. Louis.....0 0 0 0 2 0 0 0—2 9 0

First base by errors—Washington, 3; St. Louis, 2. Left on bases—Washington, 6; St. Louis, 5. First base on balls—Freil, 2; St. Louis, 5. Struck out—By Lee, 5; by Rudhoff, 2. Three-base hit—Robinson. Two-base hits—Wallace, Martin, Coughlin. Double plays—Moran to Robinson to Clarke; Wallace to Freil to Anderson. Umpire—O'Loughlin. Time of game—1 hour and 35 minutes. Attendance, 581.

NOTES OF THE GAME.

Quick game.

Only a corporal's guard there.

Heidrich's catch of Martin's liner in the fourth was a wonder.

Charlie Moran also made a great catch off Anderson.

Five spring chickens paraded past the plate when Kittredge was at the bat. Malachi forthwith tipped five fouls over the grandstand. Maybe it was a bunch.

Some wag in the stand yelled out: "Silk, you would make a good huckster, but you are a poor umpire."

Rudhoff bucked at one of Silk's decisions. "Cut that out now and play ball, or I'll cut you out," retorted the cheery little umpire.

Robbie made a nice triple, but no one could bring him home.

Coughlin is back in the game, but his hand is still in bad shape and the jar of a bat is painful in the extreme.

The Senatorial twirlers not working, sit on the bench and root like wild.

Should the working pitcher get his

STANDING OF CLUBS
IN BOTH LEAGUES

AMERICAN.

	Won.	Lost.	P.C.T.
Boston.....	45	25	.643
Philadelphia.....	40	30	.571
Cleveland.....	36	31	.537
New York.....	31	31	.500
Detroit.....	33	33	.500
Chicago.....	32	33	.492
St. Louis.....	28	36	.438
WASHINGTON.....	20	48	.294

NATIONAL.

	Won.	Lost.	P.C.T.
Pittsburgh.....	50	22	.695
New York.....	44	25	.638
Cincinnati.....	43	31	.581
Cincinnati.....	36	33	.522
Brooklyn.....	35	34	.507
Boston.....	28	42	.400
St. Louis.....	25	47	.347
Philadelphia.....	21	49	.300

RESULTS OF GAMES
PLAYED YESTERDAY

AMERICAN.

Washington, 4; St. Louis, 2.
Detroit, 4; New York, 3.
Philadelphia-Chicago—Rain.
Boston-Cleveland—Rain.

NATIONAL.

Philadelphia, 6; St. Louis, 4.
Cincinnati, 5; New York, 4.
Brooklyn, 16; Chicago, 4.
Boston, 8; Pittsburgh, 3.

WHERE THEY PLAY TODAY.

AMERICAN.
St. Louis at Washington.
Cleveland at Boston.
Detroit at New York.
Chicago at Philadelphia.

NATIONAL.
Boston at Pittsburgh.
Brooklyn at Chicago.
Philadelphia at St. Louis.
New York at Cincinnati.

bumps it would necessitate one of them going in and their turns come quite fast enough as it is now.

Jesse Burkett and Tom Loftus were not seen to pass any greetings yesterday.

Bill Clarke will never die of consumption if one is to judge from his lung power. He has a buzzsaw beaten to a whisper.

Lee has the appearance of being a lazy pitcher, but he has speed to throw at the bow-wow.

The more one sees Kittredge's work the better he appears to be.

Jimmy Ryan is developing the bad habit of not running out his hits.

Kittredge and O'Loughlin had a strike when Silk called Malachi out on tilts. It was raw.

CORBETT THINKS HE
CAN DEFEAT JEFFRIES

Says He Will Surprise the Talent
When Bell Taps.

If James J. Corbett fails to regain the world's heavyweight championship when he meets Champion Jim Jeffries at San Francisco next month it will not be through any lack of confidence. The former champion feels certain that he will conquer the big boiler-maker, as is shown by a letter he has written to a friend in New York. Writing from his training camp at Crooks Gardens, Alameda, Cal., Corbett says:

"I am feeling even better than when I wrote you last. Well, in another month we will know if I am daffy or not because I feel I have it on Mr. Jeffries. I cannot believe he can whip me, and I can only be convinced by his putting me out again. But I am going to make that big fellow tap some. I know most people don't think I have a look in, but I don't care what anybody thinks. I am sure I have a great chance and think I will win. Of course, he is a big, strong young fellow and all that, but if I win, so much more to my credit."

It is evident from the confident tone of the former champion's remarks that he is not worrying over the outcome of his encounter with the champion. He nevertheless feels that he has a tough proposition to dispose of in his huge opponent, and he is going about the job in a determined manner, confident that he will be the winner.

All the details of the big battle have been settled. Ed Graney has been selected to officiate as referee and the date of the contest will be August 14. Graney was the mutual choice of the two principals and his selection seems to have been a popular one. Jeffries is training for his fight at Harbin Springs, where he trained for his battle with Fitzsimmons. He now has Fitzsimmons with him and according to reports from the camp the Cornishman is proving himself a valuable assistant.

THE PRESIDENT SENDS
HIS CONGRATULATIONS

American Rifle Team Commended for
Fine Showing by Mr. Roosevelt.

BISLEY, Eng., July 14.—President Roosevelt has cabled his congratulations to the American team who last week captured the Palma Trophy in the international shooting match here.

His dispatch reads:

"Accept my heartfelt congratulations on the American victory."

POSSESSION LANDS
THE DISTAFF STAKES

Added Starter Wins After a
Hard, Close Finish.

MUD AND TIPSTERS RULE

Bon Mot "Noses Out" Himself—Another
Fleischmann "Good Thing" Beaten.
Redfern's Palpable Foul.

Mud and "tips" were plentiful at the Brighton Beach race track yesterday. A heavy rain storm in the morning was responsible for the former and purveyors of stable secrets—railbirds and trainers—were the mediums by which the latter circulated. The mud caused distress to the horses and the bad tips wrecked many a visitor's "bank roll."

The contest for the Distaff Stakes saved the racing from mediocrity. For this event Possession and Monsoon had a pretty struggle all through the stretch, which resulted in a victory for the former by three-parts of a length. Beldame, Bridlepath, and The Lady Rosalia were withdrawn early in the day, and Glad Smile, Cyprienne, Memoriam, and Possession were added.

Monsoon Favorite.

Monsoon opened a 7 to 5 favorite in the betting, with Possession at 6 to 1. The odds had scarcely been posted against the latter before men began to tumble over one another to reach them. In a few minutes so much money was placed that the layers were obliged to cut the odds down to 4 to 1. The last-mentioned price was obtainable for a long time, but near the end another deluge of greenbacks caused her odds to fall to 3 to 1.

Monsoon and Possession moved away slowly from the barrier at the start and lost considerable ground in the early stages of the race. Possession, near the rail, was so hampered by mud and horses that Bullman took her to the outside. She had to run fifty yards farther than Monsoon to catch up to her at the head of the stretch, but she proved equal to the task and joined issue with the favorite in the final run home.

Both fillies raced side by side in the last furlong. It was at this period of the struggle, while using the whip on Monsoon, that Redfern hit Possession sharply across the face. The sting of the lash caused Possession to toss her head up and down and to one side. This maneuver caused her to lose ground, but when Bullman rallied her for another effort she responded with great courage and won.

Foul Was Plain.

If Possession had been beaten she would undoubtedly have been awarded the race as she was plainly "fouled." Tom Cod was a hot tip for the opening race. He was made a top heavy favorite at 7 to 10. He led his field easily to the stretch where he tired badly and was beaten out a half length by Sailor Knot. This is the third time this season that a "good thing" from Mayor Julius Fleischmann's stable has failed to land the money.

The handicap at a mile and a furlong resulted in a red-hot duel between Bon Mot and Himself. The former was on his good behavior. He left the barrier well, ran third to the homestretch and then challenged Himself for the lead. Inch by inch Bon Mot gained on Himself and just on the post secured the "nod" on "Pa" Daly's horse which gave him the decision by a nose. The crowd cheered Gannon heartily on his return to the scales for his mastery ride on Bon Mot.

COOK'S GREAT RECORD
ON THE BISLEY RANGE

Makes the Highest Possible Score at
800 Yards With an Army Krag.

BISLEY, Eng., July 14.—In the Wadgrave competition, which was won yesterday by Major Oxley, with an aggregate of 99 points, the American, G. E. Cook, of the District National Guard, was third, with 97 points.

Cook used the Krag-Jorgensen service rifle, while his opponents were armed with the finest match rifles. At the first range, of 800 yards, he made the highest possible, and his shooting is admitted to rank with the finest on record, and held to prove the superiority of the Krag-Jorgensen over all other service rifles.

JOCKEY WILL NOT TELL
WHO ASSAULTED HIM

Thrown From Coal Chute by Two Men
and Sustains a Broken Back.

CHICAGO, July 14.—Facing death with the knowledge that the end was only a few hours away, Willie Ryan, formerly a jockey and now employed by J. E. Cashing, whose Boundless won the World's Fair Derby, refused last night to tell who was responsible for his injuries.

He was found unconscious at the foot of a chute of the Chicago and Northwestern Fuel Company, at Sixty-second and State Streets, Sunday afternoon. Two men were seen to throw him from the elevated structure of the Lake Shore tracks.

There is no doubt that Ryan knows who attacked him. Yet he insisted last night that his broken back was due to a fall from an automobile which collided with another.

Ryan's home is in Oakland, Cal. His parents and sister live there.

SIR THOMAS TAKES BIG
CHANCES FOR THE CUP

Spreads More Canvas—May
Weaken Rigging Aloft.

HANDICAP IS SACRIFICED

Shamrock III's Time Allowance Re-
duced by Two-thirds by New
Style of Rigging.

Shamrock III has sacrificed a large portion of her handicap in the America's Cup races. By the change of rig, which was completed yesterday, the challenger has doubtless reduced by from two-thirds to three-quarters the time allowance to be granted to her by the Reliance. This is significant in view of Sir Thomas Lipton's expressed confidence in his new flyer's ability to lift the cup.